With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild hall affordeth and so my Lord farwell.
Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order (*Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairely is engrost'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Paules:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me,
The president was full as long a dooing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued Lord Hastings,
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizenes are mumme, and speake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the Bastardy of Edwards children?
Buc. I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France:
Withall I did inferre your lienaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and noblenesse of minde:
Layd open all your victories in Scotland:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't, or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bad

Line 34 in your forme. Ult. mine oratorie
Line Ult. mine oratorie grew to an end,

I bad them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God saue Richard, Englands royall King.
Glo. And, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them: (lence?
And askt the Mayor what meant this wilfull si-
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King Richard:
Thankes louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedome and your loues to Richard:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, would they not
Buc. No by my troth my Lord. (speake?
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?
Buc. The Maior is heere: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie suite:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue.
Buc. You shal see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now Catesby, what sayes he?
Cat. My Lord he doth entreat your Grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day:

He

Line 5 breathing stones 19 wisdo
24 heere at hand. 36 spoke w
Line 1 I bid them that did love ~~bu~~
29. easily—